ASIA'S DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.

A REMARKABLE SECT FLOUR-ISHING IN MESOPOTAMIA.

iler is Revered assan Incarnation the Angel Reziel-Membership 140,-000, and Members Quiet and Orderly Englishman Interviews Their Chief.

LONDON, Aug. 31.-Of the making of religions there is no end, and the world long since ceased to be profoundly moved by the birth of a new faith. The survival of an old and strange one through many generations is far more worthy of human attention. Such a study has been provided by an English investigator who has recently succeeded in interviewing the chief of the Devil Worshipppers of Mesopotamia This strange sect, known as Yezidis and about 140,000 in number, is held in terror and detestation by the Moslem, Christian and Jew population of the great territory over which its members are scattered.

The devil worshipers are presided over by a Kak, who is revered as an actual incarnation of the Angel Reziel. The mere mention of his name in the district between the Tigris and the Euphrates is sufficient to produce from the orthodox a volley of execrations. The countryside is full of wierd and creepy stories in which he and his Kawadh subordinates play the principal parts. The inquisitive traveller will hear of ghostly midnight processions. grewsome orgies over which the Yezidi chief presides in darkness, and human sacrifices in the underground temple which he directs. Trees will be shown which the Kak of the blackheads has withered with a touch, graves from which he has spirited away the dead for the unholy rites of his flock, and huge rock masses which he has moved from the hillside with a single magical word in order that he might more

This account is given in the Standard by the English traveller of his interview with this strange man:

easily cross.

"It is usual for the Kak to receive his visitors in the course of the evening subsequent to the celebration of the annual sacrifice, and having been present at the ceremony in the underground temple of the sect I am also accorded the privilege of an interview with the Yezidi Chief. Night has already fallen when a white-robed Kawadh, wearing the yellow stole that denotes his status, brings me word that the Kek is ready to receive me, and watch fires are aglow on the hillsides and lights a-twinkling in the semi-darkness as I tramp elong the valley past the tomb of Sheikh Adi to the residence of the High Priest of Satan. It is placed at the extremity of the corge, within a stone's throw of the 'Sanctuary of the White Cow,' where a couple of watchmen walk to and fro keeping guard over the sacred kine dedicated to the Sun. The doorway is kept by two Kawadhscandidates for the priesthood-garbed in the long white outer rote and small black caps invariably worn by the Devil-worshippers, and having around their necks a twisted and peculiarly knotted black cord known as the Mahak or bridle, which is never removed from the body during life.

"I pass through the entry and am conducted to a small square inner court, open to the sky and having a number of low cushioned seats ranged about in a semi-circle On the central seat, his knees tucked under him in true Oriental fashion, is the singular man who claims bereditary headship over the Yezidi sect. On each side of him are three of the Sarmidos, or chief priests, who assisted at the annual festiva! of the previous night, and behind stand three or four Kewadhs in attendance

The Kak is a stolid and rather heavy looking elderly man, much wrinkled about the face and grizzled about the beard His hair, where it shows beneath his black lead covering, is short and gray, and there is a droop about the eyelids that suggests the habitual use of hashish, or hemp, a drug to which the Yezidis are everywhere partial. His complexion is rather pale, and the pallor is heightened by the yellow flare of the lamps that light up the court. The six Sarmidos, or priests who, with the Kak, form the 'Sacred Seven,' or hierarchy of the Devil-worshippers are dressed like their chief, but with one tri-fling difference. They wear the ordinary Mahak, or neck bridle, of black cord, the superior has one that is perfectly white and is knotted much more intricately in front. I receive the customary welcome of the Kurds, and ingratiate myself with the Kak by giving the return salutation in true Yezidi fashion, raising both hands on high and gently lowering the palms sideways. I take the guest seat, the last on the right hand side, as Kurdish etiquette requires, and wait for the chief to open

"After a minutes shence, such as Oriental etiquette requires on such an occasion, the Kak opens the conversation by nodding his head to me and asking in what way he can be of service to me. He speaks Persian, but his utterance is thick, his voice rather hard, and his accent harsh like that of all Kurds. I answer, with Fastern periphrasis, that 'my eyes having been satisfied with his goodness, my ears would fain be filled with his wisdom. This is only another and roundabout way saying. I have seen a good deal of you all, and I want now to know all I can about The Kak quite understands and simply inquires what are the matters on which I desire to be enlightened. I explain that the customs of the Yezidis, their worship and their ceremonies, are so singular to a stranger, that I should like to understand them, so far as an outsider is allowed to.

"What for example.' I ask, 'is the meaning of the Malik Taus the bronze Peacock

ing of the Maink laus the bronze Peacock King which you carry in your religious processions, and why have you made it the symbol of your creed?

The Maink Taus, replies the Kak, is the symbol of the Great Angel whom we revere, because he made it, and he assumed its form in the Garden of Edon. When at the beginning all animals were When at the beginning all animals were created by the Ruler of Light, the peacock was not included among them. The Great Angel, whose existence is from all time, then formed the peacock, to show that be could mould a creature more beautiful in form and color than any the rival Deity and charged For this has a considered. in form and color than any the rival beity had shaped. For this he was excluded from heaven. When the creation of man was resolved upon the Great Angel of the Seven Spheres opposed it. In the shape of a serpent he entered the Garden of Eden and in this guise induced Eve to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge. If Adam had been willing to worship him as we do, he would have helped the man and woman to gut of the tree of life too.

every Veridi wears?

"The bridle of Mahali, answers the Kak, is symbolic of the tie or bond that holds us to life here. There is a knot on the end for every year of our lives, and it is secured in such a way as to shape the letters that form the name of the great Sheikh Adi the first in whom Reziel became incarnate. It is wern to distinguish the dead from the living.

The bridle of Mahali, answers the the obligations imposed upon them as Yezidie? None whatever, says the Kak. They have only to wear white, never have anything of metal in their attire, abstant from using anything that is blue, and lead quiet, orderly lives. We pass through another passage direct into the open air of the valley, and with a parting salute on both sides my interview with the kak of the Yezidis ends, loaving a distinct impression of media val unreality. Shearnate It is worn to distinguish the dead from the living.

"Ent.' I interpose, 'what need of that? You can always ctll the dead from the

"Not always," replied the Karatask Ruler, but always, and not in the valley bere, for the dead Vezidos of past gener-ations gather here to collebrate Modici-adic festival just as the fiving do. When the fifst anniversary of the Sheikh's death, un practically unknown there."

came round, generations back, the faithful Yezidis flocked from all parts to join in the solemn yearly sacrifice. It was found on the day of the ceremony when the worshippers met in the valley that they

were so tightly gpacked that there was no room to move.

"As the rite proceeded the throng grew thicker and thicker, until there was barely room to breathe, and the people began to ery out. Amazed by the sound, the Kak of those days turned from the sacrifice and saw that the dead of ages past were crowding there among the living. Let each living man, he called out, in a voice that reservoided through the mass, 'remove' that resounded through the mass, 'remove the cord that girdles his waist, and tie it round his neck.' Each did so, and instantly the dead began to fade and disappear, and there was room and to spare for the quick. Since that time every living Yezidi wears the Mahak or bridle-cord round his quick. neck as long as he breathes. It is only taken off and burned when he dies. Since that time, too, the dead no longer mix with the living in the Vailey of Sheikh Adi, but come to the shrine of the departed Saint only when the living, with the Mahak of distinguish them, have completed the to distinguish them, have completed the annual sacrifice and its accompanying

'And can anybody,' I inquire, 'becon a Yezidi, either layman or priest, and what are the conditions under which a man may "The answer of the

answer of the Kak is sharp and short this time. 'Certainly not,' he says.'A Yezidi must be born such. His parents A rezidi must be born such. His parents must be Yezidis, and he must marry within the sect. We make no proselytes under any circumstances, and, he adds, with a compression of the lips and a steely glance of the eye, 'we never lose a member.'

"I can quite understand that a man once a Vazidi, is always a Vazidi for the

once a Yezidi is always a Yezidi, for th once a vezich is always a vezich to the sufficient reason that an apostate, as I happen to know, would be certain to have his throat cut within forty-eight hours of his backsliding becoming known to his brethren.

To become a Sarmido, or priest, re sumes the Kak, after a short parise, is not permitted to the ordinary lezidi. The candidate for the priestly office must himself be the son of a priest. Only six of the superior grade are ever living at e time, and a catechumen can only one time, and a catechumen can only be appointed after long waiting when one of these six dies. There are twenty-four of a subordinate grade, and these, if of blameless life and in good health, are eli-gible for promotion after probation

"The ceremony of initiation is a severe test of fitness for the office of priest. The candidate must spend three days and nights alone in the underground temple beside the Sanctuary of the White Cow, in com-pany with the dead body of the man whom is to succeed, which is placed upon the altar. During these three days and nights he must live upon bread and water, which are placed by the side of the corpse. While watching the defunct, he must with own hands make a complete set of garments worn by a priest. On the third night, in the presence of all the remaining priests and the assembled Yezidis, the candida) sacrifices a black cock upon the altar, catches the blood in a bowl, and sprinkles part over his own person and part over the departed. Then, one by one, he takes off the garments from the dead, dressing the corpse in those he himself has been busy making. One by one he now dons the things worn by the defunct priest, the last article he takes being the black bridle, which he unties and brings o me. I secure it around his neck in the

customary manner, and the man is now a full priest of the higher grade, and one of the Seven Holy Ones of our sect.

"But your Scriptures,' I ask, 'your Black Book, the Mashafe Rashe, is it anything like the Bible of the Jews or the Koran of the Mosiemin? Who was the writer of it, and how came you to regard it as sacred?
"Our Mashafe Rashe," replies the Kak,
"is quite unlike the Bible of Jew and Christian, and has nothing in common with the Koran of the followers of the seducer Mohammed. The Mashafe Rashe was written by the Angel Reziel for the advant-age of human kind, but was withheld from Adam by the Creator of Light. The Great

Angel whom we revere, stretched him-self from the Seven Spheres, wherein he was supreme, and reaching Heaven, took the volume from Reziel, and offered it Adam. Adam, misled, refused it, and punish him the book was withheld fro panish him the book was withhold from his posterity for forty generations. It was revealed to our Saint, the Sheikh Adi, at the expiration of that time. It is written in an unknown character, and cannot be deciphered save by the person who holds the office of Kak and the member of his got y

family who is designated to succeed him."
"'Might I be allowed a sight of this sacred book?' I ventured to throw out as a feeler, not quite certain as to the propriety of the request. If you really wish to see it, answers the Kak, after a moment's hesitation, 'Why, yes; But it is in charge of the Seven Sleepers, and it is never removed from their custody, save for the purposes of the annual sacrifice. We

must go to it.
The Yezidi Chief rises and addresses The Yezidi Chief rises and addresses a few words in Kurdish to the Kawadhs in waiting. We pass out into the open air, go down the valley in the direction of the tomb of Sheikh Adi, the attendants following with lighted lamps. The white-robed Kawadh at the door of the mauso-leum has the door open, and we go in. We do not, however, remain in the square central chamber beneath the dome, but make for a door at one end, which the Kak orees and enters.

"We traverse a short passage and then find curselves in an oblong vault, cut evidently in the rocky hillside. In the centre is a square stone block, above which a flaring oil lamp is suspended, and against the longer side are ranged seven smaller blocks, on each of which a figure is seated in a somewhat unusual attitude propped against the wall. Each is attired, in every particular, like the Kak whom I am accompanying, in white outer robe, black headdress, yellow stole, and white Mahak about the neck—But each is a corpse, or, rather, a skeleton, for the flesh has long passed into dust.

These, 'exclaims the Kak, pointing to the figures, 'these are the Seven Sleepers;

and there, he adds, pointing to a dark volume on the central stone, is the Black

Book which they guard." Book which they guard.

The book is a thick tome, bound in sheepskin dark with age, but not otherwise remarkable. The Yezidi Chief opens the volume, and I bend over to inspect the writing. The character is biurred and indistinct, the ink rather coffee-colored and faded. The letters strike me as somethic actions and Pable. thing between the Samaritan and Pehlvi. Only once in the year is the sacred Black Book taken out and read in parts to the assembled Devil-worshippers, who do not assembled Devii-worshippers, who do not, of course, understand a single word of it. Whether the Kak who recites it knows what he is saying, I obviously cannot assert. I could hardly stretch good manners. o far as to ask that
"Is there any significance.' I inquire, 'in

these Seven Sleepers here?

- None, is the answer, save in the fact that there are only seven, and the number is never more nor less. The seven are my

and woman to cut of the tree of life too, and they and their posterity would never have known death. For this reason we who revere the Great Angel have chosen the creature he made as the symbol of our worship.

"And what," I resumed, is the significance of the black knotted and twisted cord, the bridle with a bosse end which every Yezidi wears."

"The bridle of Mahak," answers the Kak, is symbolic of the tie or bond that

with the Kak of the Yezatis ends, reasons a distinct impression of media valumeality is with an impediment in his speech possible behind it. It seems an inversion of the natural order of things to find a sect like and passed over a five-dollar bill to the the Devil-worshippers thriving anywhere hig man.

Cog Cawg Cawgna ** spluttered the continuous properties. in the world. It is no less singular perhaps, tog Cawg Cawgna spluttered the top point out that these self-same people thickeset man, endeavoring to sply out are among the quietest and most peacesable the syllables of the weight named horse in Asiata Purkey, and that a Veril grighnal Canghiawaga, which has already proved

JOHN L. QUITS BOOKMAKING.

BUT THE CROWD HAD A LOT OF FUN WHILE HE LASTED

Once the Joke Was Serious and Cost the Former Pride of the Prize Ring 6500 -Effect on Him of a Horse Named Corbett-When John Takes a Drink.

The ex-mighty John L. Sullivan's daily sittings as a bookmaker on the dead line at Sheepshead Bay came to an end last Saturday, but they were replete with incident. There appeared to be a disposition on the part of some of those of his associates whom John calls "the bunch" to have fun with the one-time monolith of the roped square. John L. was mopping his forehead after the fourth race last Monday afternoon and muttering hoarse dark things about "pikers," "tin horns, "stogie Willies" and such, when a redheaded young man with fine control of his facial muscles rammed himself through the crowd of price students about the ex-mighty's slate and held out his hand toward the 310-pound fighter who once

"Dollar on Little Gem," said the redheaded chap, without cracking a smile. "Hunnered t' one Little Gem," growled John L. in his deepest and most contemptuous bass, holding out his hand. "Where's th' dollar, young feller?"

The red-headed one opened his hand suddenly and poured into the extended paw about half a pint of pennies and nickels "Count 'em." said the flery-haired youth, with the broad face of simple innocence, never even half grinning.

There was a croak of laughter from all hands, even John L's sheet-writer being compelled to join in in spite of himself. But John was plainly mad. "Here, take this junk!" he bawled at the red-headed young man who was such

a master of his features that he continued to regard the great John L. bovinely, as he stretched out his freckled hand and resumed possession of the chicken feed. Some o' them smart Percy Wisdoms up th' line put you up to this, you burnt-out mutt! On v'r way!" The red-haired youth, never a symptom

of a grin crossing his face, funnelled the copper and nickel money into his righthand waistcoat pocket, while out of his left-hand pocket he pulled a wadded-up fivedollar-bill "Well, gimme five on Little Gem, then,

he said, smoothing out the bill and passing

"Hub!-five hunnered t' five Little Gem." growled the former lion of the cordaged space, accepting the bill and handing it over to his valise-handler. The red-head gave his number. As he turned away he screwed up his clear blue left eye into such an intensely meaningful wink that the others hedged in around the book aughed again

'Say, there's a tip out on that one, John that Little Gem," said a man standing right in front of the ex-scrapper.

"Aw, tip me eye," replied John L., puffing away vigorously at his chewed cigar W'y don't yer take some of it, then?" Well, I'm only telling you," said the

man in John's front, as he dug himself man in John's front, as he dug himself out of the crowd with a laugh.

Little Gem, the 100 to I shot, captured the race by a nose, one of the biggest hog-killings of the season being thus put through by the Westerners. When John L. from his stool on the lawn, saw the number of the winner go up, he lowered his glasses, gave a fierce tug at the right side of his mustache and bellowed:

"And were was I? Wy didn't I git a piece o' that? Wen did th'
"Well, you had y'r chanst, y' know," said one of John L's staff in his ear. "Member that duck with th' red block that handed

ber that duck with th' red block that handed you th' bunch o' rivets an' then come back at you with th' fiver? That was a good at you with the enough tip. He got y'r sheet t'th He's a slick Algie, an' he's t' the bad."

All during the progress of the betting glaring around at or avoring to get a glimpse of a red-head. But the bright youth obviously had the discretion to hand his badge over to one of his friends to do the collecting for him, for he did not show to be the collecting for him. for he did not show up in the cashler's

ine
On the prevous Saturday a tall, gawky-looking man walked up to John L. just before the last race and handed him over a greasy one-dollar bill.
"Leonora Loring to win," said the gawky-

looking man.
John L's massive jaw dropped as he looked at the man, and then he gazed with a puzzled look at his slate.
"Say, wot yer handin' us?" he growled, handing the man back the dollar. "Leonora Loring win th' third race. T' th' nines!"

Why, is that so?" said the gawky man. looking really cheap as he took back his dollar. "A felier told me that she but the rest of his remark was drowned in the laugh of a group of youngish chaps who kept at a safe distance from the stool

the big man. A sharp-eyed young fellow who has been one of the regulars at the racetracks in this neighborhood for several years past walked up to John L. on the first day the puglist went on the dead line, and made a two-dollar

said the young fellow with the eyes as he was about to turn away John I, was almost speechless for a mo-ment at the idea of anybody on earth not knowing him.
"Sullivan's!" he bellowed after his

"Hey, chum, what book's this, anyhow?"

ed pause. ev? said the young chap, putting a

hand at his ear.

"Sullivan's!" roared John L., in a voice that made the tones of Announcer Adler sound like the piping of an infant. *Oh, Sullivan's, calmly repeated the young man. What Sullivan's? John L. grabbed the two-dollar bill out of

John L. graphed the two-dollar bill out of his money-taker's hand and thrust it back at the man to whom his internationally famous visage seemed to be unknown.

"Here, take a waltz!" rumbled John L. out of the left-hand corner of his mouth.

"Loop aroun' out o' this!"

The young man took back his two-dollar bill with a grip. Thee be went over to an

bill with a grin. Then he went over to another of the dead line bookmakers and collected the \$10 that the bookmaker had bet with him that he wouldn't dare do it.

"That feller wouldn't know th' Pope it he seen him in Rome sayin' mass," growled John L. as he wiped off his slate, And then he glared at the bystanders who

A man who appeared to be in a brown A man who appeared to be in a brown study which caused him to munch his mustache industriously, strolled over to where John L. sat on his stool on the lawn, waiting for the horses to get away for the third rase on Monday.

"Say, John," said the man familiarly, "a feller's just been tellin' me that this coit James J. Corbett has won five races this year, an' I don't believe he's righting he?"

John L. let out a sudden roar that caused John L. let out a sudden roar that caused the nervy man who put the question to hop back. The burden of John L.'s roar was that any bunch of laundry-wagon horses that cauldn't beat anything wearing hair with such a name as James J. ing hair with such a name as James J. Corbett ought to be sent to the grease mill by fast freight. When he got through and the race was over the man who appeared to be in a brown study when he asked the ex-mighty that question lined up at the bar with one of his chums and collected the 'pant o' wine' drink that was coming to him for his hardibood.

On Futurity afternoon a thick-seet man with an impediment in his speech pushed through the mole around John L. a book and passed over a five-dellar bill to the hig man.

more thats a mouthful even for track visi-

tors with all their vocal powers on tap.

John L. inclined his ear patiently while
the thick set man wrestled with the job,
and then his features relaxed into a good-

and then his features related his gent natured grin.

"That'll do—I know th' one y'mean— Connemara, this Mick mutt," said he, point-ing to the horse's mane. The thickset man wagged his head up and down, and the bet

wagged his head up and down, and the bet was made.

Between the races on a recent afternoon John L. lined up at the har with a couple of dead line bookies, ordered a bottle of ginger ale, and slowly sipped it while the horses were on their way to the post.

"Look at 'em rubberin', " said John L. as he gazed about him with extreme disgust on his features at the men who were poking each other in the ribs and pointing him out. "They'll all be goin' home t'night an' tellin' everybody that they seen me drunker'n a Coney Island planot t'umper just because they see me standin' here drinkin' a soft one. I ain't drinkin' at all these days, but it don't make no difference—they get me down that way. If they see me in a gin fact'ry goin' up agin' a glass o' 'pollinaris they rush out an' spread th' news that John L.'s ploughin' up an' down Broadway breakin' little girls' arms an' kickin' holes troo his bes' frien's. Ah, that's what's contin' t' a feller that gits a rep'tation f'r toyin' wit' th' booze. They all git up in th' middle o' th' night t' hop him!"

It was the general impression that the

It was the general impression that the ex-mighty one was doing pretty well on the dead line block; but nevertheless, as mentioned, he quit a week ago.
"T'ell wit' bookmakin', said John L.

THREE FAMOUS PROPHETS.

Merlin, Mother Shipton and Nostradamus -Ten Good Reasons for Not Belleving Sayings Ascribed to Them.

From the London Times. Practically the first English Merlin, following the German "Merlini Prophetia Angli-cana," is "The Life of Merlin, surnamed sius, His Prophesies and Predictions Interpreted; and their truth made good by our English Annals," (by Thomas Heywood), London, J Okes 1641 It was reprinted with the "Prophetical Chroof Merlin Silvestris for Lackington, Allen, & Co., London, in 1813, and this reprint is the only account of Merlin and his vague and visionless vaticinations readily accessible It states nothing worth to English readers. knowing of him but what is to be more ap-propriately found in the tales and romances f facry and chivalry, the "Morte d'Arthur," of faery and chivalry, the "Morte d'Arthur,"
"Orlando Furioso," "The Faerie Queen" and
"The Idylis of the King,"—how that his
mother was a nun, and his father an "incubus" (Neunius has it "a Roman Consui"),
that he was a sort of foster father and tutor
to King Arthur, and with Uther Pendragon
brought over from Ireland the "Giant Dance"
we call Stonehenge, and set it up on Salisbury Plain, and fashioned the "Round Table"
in tokening of the round world and they that
dwell therein, and built the "Fountain of
Love," and became assorted and doted on
one of the "Ladies of the Lake," and was beguiled by her under a rock, or within the
tangles of a hawthorn for an oak) tree, where
he remains sighing in an enchanted sleep,
until King Arthur reappears and claims his
own again.

until King Arthur reappears and claims his own again.

Merlin is, in fact, merely a poetical personification of all the learning and science—
'the grammarye—of the period associated with his entire—ny hical name. Usat is, he chnotic is riod during which te 'red dragon' of the Briton was riven step beste before the 'what dragon' of the Saxons, until the former found its last refuge among the mountain fastnesses of Britain proper (i.e., Wales of Saxons, Asser). As for the prophecies which bear the name of Merlin, they are what all such prophecies are, those of 'Mother Shipton,' and even Nostranamus: the true, or these uttered before the event, are unintelligible and void of all pertinence, while the intelligible and void of all pertinence, while the intelligible and void of all pertinence, while the intelligible and pertinent are false, or fabrications after the events pretended to be foretold.

those uttered before the event, are unintelligible and void of all pertinence, while the intelligible and void of all pertinence, while the intelligible and pertinent are false, or fabrications after the events pretended to be foretold.

The prophecies of Mother Shipton, another empty name, prognosticating the death of Cardinal Wolsey, "and all that should happen in ensuing times," appeared in the same year as Heywood's Merlin, i. e. 18ti, or nearly a century after the death of Henry VIII A glance at such publications of the Stuart reigns as "The Recovery of Lost Time," and "England's Remembrancer," which, like our "Whitaker," enable the reader to realize the years they cover more accurately and correctly, and with clearer dramatic insignt, than shelves of labored histories these old alimanace show that 1841 was a year every day of which was fraught with the fate of charles 1, when a word of supernatural religious, mystic, if gament middle.

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HOW OPIUM CAKES ARE MADE.

THE INDIA PROCESS OF PREPAR-ING THE DRUG FOR MARKET.

Workmen Rafting on Huge Vats of the Substance-Deft Work in Fashioning the Cakes - No Eyll Effects on Workers Appearance of the Finished Cake. From Macmillan's Magazine.

Having passed the main gate and the guard, the visitor finds that he has only penetrated the outer shell of the citadel nd that another formidable line of fortifications, consisting of railings covered ith wire netting and dominated by a second gateway, has still to be surmounted. Be-fore the irresistible authority of his pass this barrier falls, and he is at last in the innost shrine of the world's opium house. Skirting some lofty buildings the explorer rrives at a large courtyard, in which about .200 earthern jars are lying arranged in atches of a hundred each. tain the opium as it comes in from the districts, and their contents, having just undergone a rigorous examination by ntendent, are now being carried away, one by one, by a train of brawny, half-naked coolies Each of these jars contains a maund of opium, equal in weight to eighty-two pounds avoirdupois, but the men poise them on their heads and trot away as unconcernedly as a party of ants hurrying to their nest with from a neighboring cornfield. We follow the men through a doorway on the left into a room in which for a few seconds it is not possible to make out what is going on, so confusing to the sight is the abrupt change from the white glare of the court; and to the twilight of this lefty chamber.

It is soon, however, discovered to be quad-rangular in shape, and its central portion is seen to be occupied by a number of stone cisterus or vats, with walls raised about five feet from the floor Between every group of three or four of these vats runs a narrow alley at right angles to the passage around the edges of the room. To the uninitiated visitor the scene is one of indescribable con-fusion. Men carrying jars of opium run in different directions; others, empty-handed hurry back to the court yard; women with basins of opium on their heads race down the alleys and disappear; a jangling sound as of falling metal weights mingles with a continuous dull splashing as of stones being thrown into a well, the high-pitched tones of the women run through the hoarser rumble of the men's voices, while now and then the strident notes of some person in authority

cut across this chaos of sound It is somewhat surprising to find that noth-It is somewhat surprising to find that nothing but bustle and activity reign in the very heart of the Sleep God's stronghold. Hundreds of thousands of pounds of opium lie stored in this room, but there is nothing it he quick movements, bright eyes and healthy faces of the swarming coolies to show that the drug has any attraction for them. Each one of them, we notice, who carries an opium larhalts a moment at the doorway, where he receives directions to what particular vathe has to take his load. There a gang of men await his arrival, part of them seated on the flat walls of the vat, while the others held the carrier to remove the load from his head. The latter also hand up full jars to the men seated on the walls, who proceed to scrape

rectly, and with clearer dramatic insight, than shelves of inbored histories these old alimanaes show that 1841 was a year every day of which was fraught with the fate of Charles I, when a word of supernatural warning, addressed to that elegant-minded, relixious, mysite, if somewhat unfortunate king, might yet have changed the wiole future of his dynasty. None is to be expected from the impodent forgeries of Mother Shipton, but Heywood did not mean to cheat the popular appetite in troublous times for such hierature, and some weird presage should have appeared on his pages. Yet he incontinently ends them with the death of James VI; and throughout them his only great triumph is his explanation of the well-known pseudo-prediction attributed to Merlin:

When Hempe is tipe and ready to pull, Then Englishmen beware thy scull.

Hempe, as we all know now, refers to Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary. Fhilip I and Elizabeth, and the threat to our 'scull' the outbreak of plague, which Heywood says followed the proclamation of James VI. but which followed his death, and the proclamation of three is not a hint anywhere of all the tumult, and rebellions, and widespread fightings from 1825 to 1848, not a wid in anticipation of the contemporary almanue entry under

size, he deftly arranges it in the brass cup and smears it over with the liquid opium. Bit after bit he adds, his fingers moving like the needle of a sewing machine, until a nice soft bed of leaf has been made. Then in a moment he turns the opium into it, and, drawing up the edge of the leaf, covers it up, and, in a manner which baffles description, makes in a few minutes a perfect sphere, which he shakes out of the cup on to the palm of his left hand and adorns with one of the little tickets from his tin box. He then hands the cake, as this sphere is called, to his attendant, who receives it carefully in the palms of his joined hands, for it is yet soft and pulpy, and bears it sway to the examiner.

dant, who receives it carefully in the palms of his joined hands, for it is yet soft and pulpy and bears it sway to the examiner.

The examiner has not much trouble with this cake, which is symmetrical in shape and of the correct weight. It is once more handed to the sprite, who takes it off to a large box in which a powdery-looking substance resembling fine bran is kept, and dusts half of it with this Next, fitting it with allittle earthen cup from a stack of these articles, he carries it out into the large stone paved yard we crossed when on our way to the malkhana or storeroom. Here he deposits it in front of a metal plaque bearing the workman's number and hurries back to see that his master's wants are properly attended to. The cake of optum is in shape much more like a 30-pound round shot or some large fruit than a cake. The name has, however, become so wedded with the history of the manufacture that although inappropriate it cannot now be changed. A cake of optum then, when mature is not unlike an overgrown wood apple in appearance and color. The outer surface is grayish and smooth. When out open the likeness to a fruit of some kind is still more striking for the layers of leaf in which the cake is wrapped then present the appearance of a rind about half an inch thick, while the opium resembles the pulp of the fruit.

while the opium resembles the pulp of the fruit.

It is not until the winter begins, or some six months after manufacture, that the cakes are considered mature enough for export. They are then packed in large wooden chests, made in the north-western provinces of manace wood, and are sent to Calcutta, where they are disposed of by monthly sales to the opium merchants, and through them find their way to China and the Straits, the market for all the opium made up in this form. That which is used in India itself is manufactured differently, being first dried in shallow trays in the sun till it reaches a certain degree of hardness, and then pressed into large square blocks looking extremely like cakes of transparent soap.

EX-GOV HOGG'S SONS WORK. They're Learning the Oil Business as \$3 a-Day Laborers in Beaumont, Tex.

BEAUMONT Tex., Sept. 14.-Mike Hogg. the fifteen-year-old son of the ex-Governor of Texas who has made a million in the Beaumont oil fields in four months and now proposes to organize a \$25,000,000 oil corporation in London. works as a day laborer on Spindletop Hill, where the great crude petroleum gushers are located. The along the line of railway, which covered ex-Governor wants his two younger sons to learn the oil business from the ground up so that they may be qualified as practical men to handle the oil interests at Beaumont which in all probability they hind it. will inherit from him.

Tom Hogg the ex-Governor's youngest son, a lad now 13 years old, spent a month doing rough work on the property of the Hogg-Swayne Syndicate on Spindletop Hill. It was early in the summer when the youngster sweated at a derrick on Spindletop, and the heat and exertion proved almost too much for him. Later Mike came to Beaumont and applied to Capt. F. M. Brown, manager for the Texas Oil and Pipe Line Company, for a job in the field where the company is boring several wells. Capt Brown sized up the youth and deciding that he was as good as a man, put him to work on a boring rig on Spindleput him to work on a boring rig on Spindletop Hill, where he has since earned \$3 a day. School will open in a week or two and then Mike will leave the oil field for his home in Austin to remain till next summer. Both boys have declared their in-tention of returning to Beaumont at the close of school next summer to resume their

Laborers on Spindletop are well paid. A good man can easily earn \$3 a day and his board. Mike messes with the other workmen, and it is said that his appetite, like his muscle is equal to that of any man on the hill. At the end of another season on Spindletop Mike will be qualified to apply for a position as driller, and such a place is not to be laughed at even by rich men's \$200 a month and board. A competent driller is always in demand at the salary named, and some are paid con-

siderably in excess of this figure. Ex-Gov. Hogg intends that his sons shall be self-supporting from the time they leave school, because he believes that they should learn to depend upon their own efforts to gain them a place in the world. His eldest son Will is rated as a very capable

young lawyer.

POSTER WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA EUROPE DISPOSED TO CRITICISE LATEST BRITISH TACTICS.

> Policy of Bill-Sticking," Which Seeks to End the War by Declaring the Fnemy Disqualified - Not Lord Kitchener, but the War Office Responsible for to LONDON, Aug. 31.-Apart altogether

from moral prepossessions regarding rights and wrongs of the Boer War ther has grown up in England a feeling of severa criticism of the British Government in its endorsement of a certain mode of waging war in general that is, of conducting the final rudimentary overthrow in a not struggle between two nations. This sentment is provoked most strongly at present by the text of the latest procesmations which the British War Office has directed Lord Kitchener to launch at a leaders of his Boer adversaries on the Veldt. They are described by a competent critic here as "surpassing in ineptitude every artifice that has yet been devised for prosecuting war otherwise than by fighting."

Based on certain sharply-debated cases of alleged shooting of men who had made signs of surrender, British officers are ordered to effect the execution of t "murderers," and the officers in command of the enemy. Lord Kitchener is acquitted of personally originating this policy of *bill-sticking," as it is contemptuously called by the officers who are employed at the work. The present writer, who acted as correspondent for THE SUN with the British Army from the commencement of the war until sometime after the occcupation of Pretoria, remembers well that the military telegraph was needed occasionally, as early as the entry into Bloemfontein, for the transmission of these argumentative inducements addressed by the British Government to the burghers in the field. The then chief-of-staff, who is now commander-in-chief in South Africa, was certainly not identified with the business. It was known at the time that he mistrusted as military tactics the quick march north country but did not conquer men, for, as he expected, the Boers simply opened their ranks to let the procession go past and formed up again very effectually

As the earlier placards posted on stable doors and elsewhere failed to coar the burghers' commandos into laying down their arms on the ground of self-interest, and expediency, so the later issues of this species of literature have missed the mark wholly in seeking to put the Boer resistance whelly in seeking to put the Boer resistance outside the pale of civilized warfare. The humor of "Mr. Dooley" sees the situation quite accurately when he speaks of ending the war by disqualifying the other side. The mere existence, however, of the latter-day proclamations is evidence that the

no longer a "state of war."
So long as it was a question of the interests of the parties concerned these proclamations were not the affair of other nations. The new issues, which seek to convict the leaders of the enemy of authorizing atrocities, are, on the other hand, matters of legitimate concern to the thorizing atrocities, are, on the other hand, matters of legitimate concern to the rest of the world, for they seek to base upon evidence certain principles affecting warfars in general. The claims have been rejected in toto by the press of Paris and Berlin and by the entire body of French and German public opinion. In Austria the Government organs, at least, have always been more friendly to the British cause and have sought more than once to interpret it favorably; but even Vienna refuses to accept the latest contentions. The Austrian Foreign Office journal, the Frendenblatt, issues this week a reasoned rejection of the British Government claim to declare the war ended on Sept. 15. It declare the war ended on Sept. 15. to declare the war ended on sept. 15 to holds that the shooting of prisoners and of wounded by the Boers has not been proved, and that the measures taken by the English authorities are mainly responsible for a certain bitterness manifested by the former The revolt of the Cape Dutch, which is now extending, cannot alone account for the failure of the British operations. In the opinion of the semi-official journal, that is due principally to the composition of the English Army in South Africa, which, ac cording to English newspapers, has latterly been recruited by men who have had abso-lutely no military training, and some of whom were physically unfit for service. whom were physically unit for services.

It is obvious, the paper says, that with such material it is impossible to carry on a successful guerilla campaign against obstinate and enterprising opponents scattered over an extensive territory, where communications have to be maintained in leading districts for hundreds of miles.

communications have to be maintained in hostile districts for hundreds of miles. The Fremdenblatt concludes by saying that for the moment the South African nut is harder than the teeth that try to break it. "It is to be foreseen that proclammations will make little change in this respect. Nor will it be altered by the manner in which it is attempted to discredit the Boers. That is again evident in Lord Kitchener's report, which, for the rest, is but a weak echo of the words of Mr Chamberlain, who compared the military operations of the burghers to those of bandits, robbers and criminals. It seems much more probable that these efforts to intimidate the Boers will fail, and that England, by way of a change, must think about bringing the war to a close by military measures.

measures In this declaration there is the attitude which the governments of Europe will take should the British cabinet seek to take any action on the strength of its "time limit". Only the existing inextricable confusion Only the existing inextricable confusion of the military position in South Africa and the accompanying enormous expendi-ture can explain the frame of mind which expected to achieve anything by such

PAID A DEBT 27 YEARS OLD. Man Surprises a Baltimore Firm by Re-

deeming an Old Obligation BALTIMORE, Sept. 14. - After having run for twenty-seven years a debt has been paid to Spregins, Buck & Co. of Hopkins Place, by J. J. Hoblitzell of Myers-jale, Pa. Twenty-seven years ago the latter failed and was unable to pay a large

failed and was unable to pay a large number of creditors, including the Baltimore firm, to whom he owed \$900.

"Give me time," he then said, "and I will pay every cent that I owe." And faithfully has the Pennsylvania merchant kept his promise Year after year, he has toiled, paying off the obligations that he had contracted in former years, and cancelling debts with firms that had for gotten all about them. None was more surprised than the Baltimore firm when surprised than the Baltimore firm who he walked into the office and announce that he had come to pay the long overch bill Beside the \$600 he also paid anni sum to cover the lawyer's fees who creditors contracted when he failed.

From the Coreland Plain Benie Yes, " he answered, "you have guessed it."

e shook his auburn locks and smiled at What then would you do?" What then would you do?

'tindys, he slowly answered, 'if you refuse m. love I will take no chances of failure
I have determined to let a majarious mosquisa

All Intelligent Women should read the Knickerbooker Girl pub-lished Wednesdays and Saturdays in THE EVENING NEW Society and Isshou

That telched her